Volume LXIII CHICAGO, JUNE 3, 1909 Number 14

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 211
The Humiliation of Illinois 212
The Insanity of the Civilized Nations—W. C. Gannett 213
The Cost of World Peace—*J. A. Tawney* 215
The Old Fashioned "Female Seminary"—Helen Ekin Starrett 216
War—*Ridgely Torrence* 217
THE STUDY TABLE—
Venezuelan Literature—Frederick Starr 216
Christ and the Eastern Soul—Binay Nohan Sehanevis 219
Whaar the Hand o' God is Seen—"Capt. Jack" Crawford 219
THE HOME—
Amid the Cherry Blossoms—*John Burroughs* ... 220
Two Soldiers—*Exchange* 220
A Sermon on Flies—*Chicago Health Department* 220
The Song of the Child Angels—*R. Freedom* 220
THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 221

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1909 NUMBER 14

Great Spirit of renewing Truth,
  Come shining through our darkened eyes,
And make the tides of light roll in,
  To cleanse from error and from lies.

If any falsehood of the past
  Round us has thrown its iron chain,
Burn through, and melt each fettering link
  And give us freedom once again.

Faith in the present we would have,
  Faith that God lives and works to-day,
That revelation never fails
  In souls that work and love and pray.

O Future, which we hold in trust,
  To build for thee a glowing way,
Our hearts are pledged; no Past can bind;
  Before us lies the mighty day!

—*J. C. Learned.*

So many calls have come to UNITY for extra copies containing Mr. Gannett's timely article, "The Insanity of the Civilized Nations," that our edition has been exhausted. As the call is still coming, the words are still timely. We are sure our constituents will be pleased at the reappearance of the same. We are glad to reprint it in this issue. We wish we could afford to send a copy to every member of Congress, the Cabinet, to the governors of every state and the legislators thereof. We do not know where to begin, for it is a document that ought to be distributed by millions. Perhaps some of our friends will feel as we do and help in the circulation. A Maine subscriber writes: "I wish the Esperanto sermon and Mr. Gannett's splendid article on the insanity of war might be issued in tract form."

We now learn by special dispatches that the European dealers in wild animals have found it profitable to ship back the broken lions, the tubercular leopards, and the decrepit hippopotami to Africa, turning them loose for the benefit of the touring hunters. A lame giraffe or a broken-winded gazelle answers just as well as a sound one for a target, and they are more easily overtaken, but that was a bad mistake of the employee who shipped with other broken-down animals a polar bear to be turned loose in an African jungle. One hired man lost his job on account of this blunder. It would have been better for the trade if the boss had not made a fuss about it. What a splendid sensation it would have been if the present hunters from the United States could have added a polar bear to their African conquests!

Apropos of the approach of the Peace Congress in Chicago we solicited of Mr. Gannett suggestions for hymns suitable for such an occasion, in response to which request he sent us the following "first line" suggestions, which we print hoping they will set others on the quest:

"Forward Through the Ages, F. L. Hosmer.
Thy Kingdom Come,—On Bended Knee, F. L. Hosmer.
Thy Kingdom Come, O Lord! F. L. Hosmer.
Come Kingdom of our Lord, John Johns.
Give To Us Peace in Our Time, O Lord.
These Things Shall Be, A Loftier Race, J. A. Symonds.
Lest We Forget, Lest We Forget, Kipling.
Watchman, Tell Us Of The Night, Browning.
I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day, Longfellow.
Still Through the Cloven Skies They Come, E. H. Sears.
Now the Joyful Christmas Morning, Several Hands.
Hail to the Coming Singers, Whittier.
Of the Nation's Latest Born, Wm. Watson."

(This is something Watson wrote for a Liverpool Centennial; somewhat altered for hymn purposes by F. L. Hosmer. Of course, it should not be used without the consent of both the author and the revisor.)

We will be glad to print any further suggestions that may point in this direction. Maybe at no distant date some one who believes in hymns and peace will gather a little handful of noble hymns and print the same in fitting manner. The most impressive and potent classics in literature are the hymns that worthily represent the aspirations of the soul and fittingly stimulate the exercise of the same.

Norway is the land of liberal thought. The home of Ibsen and Anderson should naturally bloom into progressive conceptions of religion and open-minded interpretations of Christianity. Our older readers will remember Hans Tambs Lyche, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School, who carried back with him to the old home an American wife and wrought mightily for liberal religious ideas. He fell in the harness, and now Herman Haugerud, another Meadville graduate, after an American discipline in the missionary fields of Minnesota, is back in Christiania and is taking up the work of Mr. Lyche, which the hand of death interrupted. He is now spending a few weeks in America, and we are glad to make room for this plea and endorse the movement. What we know of the earlier seed-sower and of the present tiller, of the Scandinavian mind and the Norwegian opportunity justify a most cordial endorsement on our part. We hope that this worthy missionary of a much needed faith will go back encouraged and equipped with the means to push on this common cause, which is international.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, CHRISTIANIA.
An Appeal From Norway.

The Unitarian movement in Norway is about twelve years old. The Rev. Herman Haugerud, supported by the British

and Foreign Unitarian Association, was appointed minister five years ago, and he has succeeded in creating a wide-spread interest in Unitarian Christianity. At the regular Sunday services the attendance now averages two hundred people. In connection with the Church there is a well organized Young People's Union, a Sunday-school, and a Women's League.

The services and meetings are at present held in a public hall, for which a rent of £60 a year is paid. The Unitarian Church in Christiania is the only one in Norway, and if a building could be provided for the use of the people, the Unitarian movement would be greatly strengthened. There are a few persons prominent in business, education, and politics connected with the Church, but the large majority of the members belong to the working classes. The Congregation cannot by themselves provide the necessary money for the purchase of a site and the erection of a building. It is estimated that the total cost will be £1,500, and of this sum the people themselves hope to raise £500. They appeal to their fellow-believers to assist them in finding £1,000, so that they may have a suitable place of worship provided in the capital of Norway.

The minister and the members at Christiana are full of faith in the future of liberal religion, and they earnestly appeal to their friends and sympathizers in England to help them to build the first Unitarian Church in Norway, and they trust that their appeal will meet with a generous response.

AUGUST ANSETT, President.
O. BERGERUD, Trustee.
S. T. ELTON, Trustee
HERMAN HAUGERUD, Minister.
HARALD OLSEN, Treasurer.
H. TAMBS LYCHE, Secretary.

Christiania, Norway, April 28, 1909.

The Appeal was endorsed by the President and Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association at a meeting held May 12, 1909, and the Rev. W. G. Tarrant, B. A., Chairman of the Foreign Mission Sub-Committee, has kindly undertaken to receive and acknowledge donations to the Building Fund, forwarded to him at Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, Londan, W. C.

The Humiliation of Illinois

A Decoration Day Study.

Another Memorial Day has come and gone. The time for mustering of the Old Guard, the laying of garlands upon the graves of dead heroes, is a tender, holy day; a day for sacred memories, the recital of high deeds; a day for the ennobling of the flag, the inculcation of patriotism and the study of heroism.

But that day is poorly celebrated which deals only in ancient history. However noble the world of the "Old Soldier," he must not strut before the public in the bedraggled plumes that are half a century old. One should not mouth on Memorial Day the names of those whose memories we insult the remainder of the year.

What right have the citizens of Illinois, for instance, to celebrate with pomp and joyful step, the triumphs of dead patriots in the face of the humiliation and disgrace in which they are enmeshed. They should think of the dastardly trading, the base manipulators, the subserviency to private interest, the loyalty to the small fealties, the infamous combines, cliques, and circles that have held at their lowest the entire legislature of the State of Illinois through the weary, humiliating months, and then culminated in the disgraceful bargainings which elected to the high seat once occupied by such men as Lyman Trumbull, David Davis, Stephen A. Douglas, and John A. Logan, one who from first to last has been identified with politics in its lowest and cheapest form; the Prince of wire-pullers in Illinois; one whose senatorial ambitions were developed in the petty intrigues of the ward, disciplined under the lash of the boss and the experiences of the back-room politics of saloon tacticians. There were not cheap men enough in either party at Springfield this winter, low as the standard of the legislature has proven, to win out on such low levels, so there had to be a combination of the cheaper elements in both parties in order to preserve the dominancy of such unwholesome manipulators. Unity does not deal in personalities; it need not mention names; but the leaders on both sides who brought about this unsavory dominancy are notorious as unwholesome manipulators, traffickers in public interest, traders in human suffrage, gamblers of democracy.

We are sure that there were more high-minded and honorable men in the legislature in Springfield than there were of the baser kind, but this better element which their competitors dismissed with the sneer of "High brows" were so committed by party courtesies, by the base argument of expediency, by the tyranny of the smaller loyalties, that they to the end stood by their party fealties and went down in defeat and disgrace rather than do the thing which they might have done any day during the long winter months, had they but thrown their lower allegiance to the winds, stood by their higher loyalties to the nation. By so combining they could at any time have elected to the senate any one of the many men in Illinois in either party that could worthily wear the toga which has been honored by those named above; which it now so disgraces.

A loyalty to the higher cause, a fealty to the wider interests, such as was practiced, for instance, by Gen. George H. Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," when he refused the call of Virginia in the interest of the higher call of the nation, would have brought power, wisdom, leadership and glory to the State of Illinois where there is now humiliation.

But wanting this allegiance to the higher cause among the nobler representatives of Illinois, the independency of the baser element, bi-partisanship on the lower stratas, brought about a combination in the interest of things mean and selfish. Compared with this loyalty at all hazards, to the meaningless party lines of today, the mistaken allegiance of such souls as Stonewall Jackson, Alexander Stevens, and Robert E. Lee to the narrower boundaries, is patriotism. The treason of Jefferson Davis and his heroic army stands out white against the background of the stars and stripes, compared with the sordid disloyalty to the state and the nation by those who have bartered and bargained by "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" for the perpetuation of their own power and their advancement in malign politics.

The traitors of '61-'65 at least proved their sincertify by their lives, many of them sanctified their mistakes with their blood; and the boys in blue on Decoration Day were glad to divide their garlands for the graves of those who wore the gray.

History in the main has vindicated the integrity of the southern army. Their methods were wrong but their intentions were right. Compared with the present abject submission to the narrower cause, the lower loyalty for selfish ends, when there is such a call for the larger loyalty to save our Union from an enemy more subtle than they who deal with minnie balls, cannon shells, and bayonets, this is the baser treason.

Against the treason of '61-'65 there was a chance for noble resistance; valor could meet valor, courage challenge courage. But who can fight the stink pots of corrupt politics of today, the poisonous gases that defile the air which renders the most stalwart inefficient and the strongest imbecile.

The city of Chicago is on the eve of a judicial election. Before another issue of UNITY appears the voters of this metropolis will be called upon to elect fourteen men to the sanctities of the judicial bench, where they will be called upon to administer justice between man and man; a position where party considerations, sectarian prejudices and personal obligations should never be allowed to disturb by a hair's weight the free play of the beam in the scales of justice. And still the same party manipulators that brought about the iniquitous barter at Springfield and elected the unfit to the highest honor in the gift of the state, have the effrontery to present their *partisan* tickets in this judicial test, and the noble men which even the bosses had not the courage or the audacity to ignore, are submitted to the humiliating position of craving the favor of these partisans, submitting their career into their hands in order that they may have any hope of election.

How have the mighty fallen! What a drop is here from the deeds of valor and courage which rallied around the flag where the storm of leaden hail fell in '61, to those "hustlers" and "howlers" of the partisan gangs!

There should be no sycophancy in our Memorial services. Only those words of praise are justified that are spoken by those who are trying to bring the valor of '61-'65 down to date; they who fight treason in the present tense, who resent the indignities to the flag in the year 1909 in the spirit of those who stood up for it in 1861-65.

Shame on him who would conceal his low aims and selfish anxieties, his treasonable barterings and infamous tradings behind the folds of "Old Glory," which is never glorious except when it waves over the brave and is the emblem of truth, righteousness and self-sacrifice.

The Insanity of the Civilized Nations

Twenty-five years ago (1884) we spent less than forty millions of dollars on our army, less than eighteen millions on the navy. Through the '90s till 1898, when we began to have Spanish and Philippine warbills to pay, the army averaged fifty millions a year. This year (1909) it costs $95,000,000, and next year is to cost $101,000,000,—*double*. Through the '90s till 1898 the navy averaged thirty millions a year; this year it costs $123,000,000, and for next year $137,000,000 are appropriated,—*more than quadruple*,—with expectation of large increase beyond. This exclusive of pensions which, during the same period, have been costing from $140,000,000 to, now, $160,000,000 a year. All told, our entail of expense for past war and our preparation for possibilities of new war are costing the country today nearly $400,000,000 a year,—more than either England or France or Germany is spending, with great standing armies and constant exposure to war-risks. Four hundred millions of dollars a year. That is more than the total cost of the national goverment a few years ago. We reached the "billion dollar Congress" sometime in the '90s; now we accept the "billion dollar *session*" as a matter of course. And the national deficit this year, our new President assures us, is to be one hundred millions of dollars.

What has happened between 1898 and 1909 to account for increase like this in the army and navy expenses? First, a little war,—short, swift, unheroic and easy, as wars go. It left in our hands a distant archipelago, whose subjugation became, it was claimed, a matter of duty, while it made our republic for the first time an "imperial" power, and exposed us as never before to national temptation and peril. Since that war, ten years of profound peace between us and the rest of the world. Ten years without insult or threat. Ten years without cloud of war anywhere on our horizon, save the cloud we ourselves caused to hang over the Philippine Islands. Ten years during which we have apparently been better liked by the nations than ever yet in our history. Ten years, moreover, during which the longing and the trend of the world have been stronger toward peace than ever before; two Hague Conferences within the period; a Court of Arbitration established; Peace Congresses several and of several kinds; our White House Viking himself "sheathing the swords of a million men" in the Peace of Portsmouth, and winning the Nobel peace-prize for his feat; treaties of arbitration and alliance multiplying between nations abroad, with no less than four and twenty such treaties arranged between our country and others; and an International Federation of American Republics brought into being. All these things have happened within the ten years. And it is during these years of peace and things making for peace that our army budget has doubled, our navy budget has quadrupled!

What accounts for the increase? That little war at the beginning almost wholly accounts for it; a fact that raises all sorts of questions of worth-whileness, and strong suspicions of folly in the inglorious conquest and bargain of 1898. But yes or no as to that, what disproportion, under the conditions of these ten years what disproportion between the cause and the expanding consequence, between the new dangers of attack and the efforts put forth to forestall them! The sub-conscious panic in which we have lived since the days of Manila and Santiago—this sub-conscious

panic, caught from the panic that is epidemic in Europe, which has so long kept the peoples there poor with the burden of standing armies, and today is driving the foremost nations of civilization into the frenzied race to outbuild each other in Dreadnaughts,—this sub-conscious panic of ours, is it sheer stupidity, or is it insanity?

Call it which we will, is the infection due to Roosevelt and his influence? To him more than to any other one man or to any ten thousand men in the country. If he has done more good than any President since Lincoln,—and I am of those who think that he has,—he is also responsible for more harm than any; and the harm has come from the cow-boy element in him. But the anachronism and the delusion have not been alone his. Congress has shared in them, and under the Congress the people. The people, as a whole, have been with the President, accepting and approving his plea. And what is that plea? That only by preparing for war can we preserve peace; that insults are waiting, unless we go bristling in armor; that attack may at any time come, unless we forever are showing our teeth. The world is a cow-boy world to Roosevelt. This is the plea of a man undeveloped enough to fear that he cannot hold his own against insult save by his pistol and fist. And we as a people are undeveloped enough to be afraid with him. Our wide oceans afford us little protection; our fortified shores are all insufficient; our present swarms of cruisers and battle-ships too feeble and few; our freedom from traditions of hostility, such as enthrall the nations of Europe, is nothing; our freedom, too, from entangling alliances, nothing; our wealth, our resources, our recognized energy, have no barrier-force; the known certainty that we would rise as one man and again fling treasure, life, everything into resistance if need be,—this counts as nothing at all; above all, our democratic ideals, our national behavior, our American justice, our good-will methods of dealing with other nations, have no guardian potency in them. We do not yet live in a world in which character, added to vast physical power, is the least guarantee of security. It is still a cow-boy world, and we all of us live on the frontier. Nothing, nothing, nothing, but actual guns and larger guns, steel and thickening steel, powder and powder intensifying to dynamite, Dreadnaughts and ever more terrible Dreadnaughts, can, in this twentieth century of Christian civilization, save us from insult, attack and conquest. *Us,* who, with our microscopic army and minimum navy, have for a century hardly been able to know how a national insult would *feel!*

The *faithlessness* of all this in an age throbbing like ours with rising moralities, surging like ours with new international sympathies, breaking out like ours into national generosities over each other's calamities; an age that is discounting diplomacy in favor of frankness; that is shuddering at the horrors of war and rushing the Red Cross of pity to every battle-field; that is honoring honor, justifying justice, loving love, as never before in history,—the faithless and the moral cowardice of it, in an age like this to dare trust nothing at all to the armor of national righteousness! Is it stupidity, or is it insanity? Roosevelt's own act in returning to weakened China the over-charged indemnity millions—simple act of national ethics, of national conscience—has done more to protect and strengthen America in the Pacific, and more for the peace of the world and the future, than all the battle-ship projects of his two terms at Washington. One single act of national nobility. *That* is true leadership. *That* is the Roosevelt whom the future will honor.

The woe of the *other* Roosevelt's way of keeping the peace is tragically in evidence today. The insanity deepens and spreads as the nations indulge in it. It catches from one to another, till even the little ones have it. Our "consecrated battle-ships" go as angels of peace round the world, leaving a wake of example behind them,—and Argentina and Brazil begin to lay down new battle-ship keels; Australia and China take note; canny Japan welcomes, smiles, observes and remembers; Italy and Spain are impressed; France, Germany, England calculate harder; and America hurrahs home her angels perfected in straight-shooting and battle-maneuvres. This for America; while abroad what pathos in Europe's present predicament! The rivalry there in preserving the peace in the Roosevelt way is straining her nations to the gasp with conscription and taxes, and cluttering her harbors with battle-ships that age in five years,—each one costing a ten or twelve millions that, put into sanitation, education, internal development, would mean fortification indeed. The panic intensifies. Last month a mere stage-play sent Englishmen scurrying into their uniforms. This week a morning paper (March 16) contained an English Commission's Report, showing that in England and Wales there are 930,000 persons in receipt of poor-law relief, at a cost of $33,000,000 a year; the very next day's headlines (March 17) announced: "Britain learns Germans are building Dreadnaughts more rapidly than was imagined. Dramatic revelation in Parliament arouses and alarms the whole land. 'Small Navy' party gives in, and expenditure will be unlimited,"—and the Government is called on to decide whether it shall be four, or eight Dreadnaughts "of the newest type, to ensure the safety of the Empire!" There, at a drop, go double the $33,000,000 in a spasm lest England's "two-power standard" be lost. Last year President Roosevelt prayed to Congress for "four additional battle-ships of the most advanced type, as a vital and immediate need, and as a measure of peace, not of war." But a writer in the *Scientific America* has just been counting up Germany's sea-guns, and warns us that "nothing short of an *annual* program of *five* Dreadnaughts can save the United States from being ousted from its naval position." America thus has been formally entered in the race that is ruining Europe. And so the madness goes merrily on. Is it stupidity, or is it insanity?

How far will it go? How far *can* it go? There must be stop somewhere. And there are but two ways to stop. One is the way of government bankruptcies, whirlwinds of war, and sheer inanition of the civilized nations; with possibility then that the world's *un*-civilization, seizing the opportunity as before, will surge and struggle again for the mastery. The other way is for the civilized peoples, with uplifted hands and solemn oaths, to bind themselves in a League of Good Faith to limit armaments, to arbitrate disputes, to rely on international courts and international police, to cease from swagger, and to trust more to forces of character. Of necessity there would be risks, as there are in all forms of trust; but also for each such risk the protecting arm of the League. Is not this the sole other way? "But not today this!" Perhaps not; yet, after more madness and deeper exhaustion, what other way will there be than, weary and bleeding, to at last come together and convenant thus?

But today this,—were we brave! And of all the peoples, we of America, in the cool of our distance and

safety, might begin tomorrow to inaugurate sanity. Is there no one yonder in Washington now, who will save us from joining in Europe's mad race, her disastrous delusion? No one to remove from the Capitol that shameful ideal so recently placed there,—of a Jesus armed to the teeth as the Prince of Peace and Good-will? No one who will bid our young nation awake to its mission, and lead the world on towards what may *deserve* the name, "Civilization?"

W. C. GANNETT.

Reprinted from UNITY *April 2, 1909.*

The Cost of World Peace.

"Today we hold that the greatness of a nation rests not upon conquered wealth, and the bent backs of slaves, but upon its natural resources and upon the industry, the intelligence and the patriotism of the individual citizen. Today we realize that there must be as many nations co-existent as geographical, racial and historic conditions make necessary. We regard wars carried on merely for territorial acquisition or national aggrandizement as national robberies.

"We have entered upon an era of national specialization, where all nations are more or less interdependent, where each nation relies upon other nations for some of the necessities of its life, where no nation lives to itself alone and where none can perish without loss to the world. International commerce, international trade, international language, art and literature, international political influence and example, all demand that permanent peace be maintained among all nations.

"The question for the world to determine is, shall this be an armed peace, or will the nations of the world recognize the authority and acquiesce in the decisions of the world-wide federation, thereby insuring international peace without the cost incident to the preparation for war?

"Such a federation, or international state, would be but a slight step forward in comparison with the substitution of the authority of the national states in the settlement of conflicts between warring clans and tribes, or with the submission of publicly administered justice for the regime of private warfare and individual retaliation.

"Competitive ship building, not competitive peace building, is the prime cause for the enormous war tax burdens placed upon the people.

"The annual expenditures of the United States, England, Germany and France on account of preparation for war, or, as it is said, that war may be prevented, are today greater than the annual expenditures of any one of these nations during any foreign war in which it has ever engaged.

"The total expenditures of the United States, England, Germany and France alone during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, on account of their armies and navies, approximated, in round numbers, a billion dollars.

"Our own total expenditures for the army, navy and fortifications in the fiscal year 1908 aggregated $204,-122,855.57, or 36.5 per cent. of our total revenues, exclusive of postal receipts, which are not included for the purpose of comparison, as the postal revenues and expenditures are a balanced account. Our expenditures during the same year on account of wars past, including all objects for which appropriations are made on that account, were $180,678,204, or 31 per cent. of our total revenue.

"According to the daily statement of the treasury department at Washington, on April 30, 1909, we have thus far during this fiscal year collected from all sources, except postal receipts, $493,027,989.69. Up to date we have expended on account of the army $110,107,924.96; on account of the navy, $96,376,012.-41, a total of $206, 483, 937.37.

"Therefore we have expended this fiscal year on account of preparation for war 41 per cent. of all our revenues, and on account of wars past 31 per cent. of all our revenues, or a total expenditure of 72 per cent. of all the revenues thus far collected during the current fiscal year on account of wars, it is said, which we are preparing to avoid and wars which we have had in the past.

"But this tartling statement does not indicate that we have yet reached the maximum cost of armed peace. The expenditures for this purpose the coming fiscal year will be greater than they are this year. They have been increasing rapidly and enormously year by year, not only with us, but with all the principal nations of the world. None of the advocates of armed peace are willing to suggest a limit which this increase shall not go.

"The average annual appropriations for our army have leaped from less than $24,000,000 for each of the eight years immediately preceding the Spanish war to more than $83,000,000 for each of the eight years ending with the appropriations made at the last session of congress for the fiscal year 1910. During the same period the average annual appropriations for our navy have increased from a little more than $27,000,000 to more than $102,400,000.

"In other words, the increase in appropriations for the army for the periods named exceeded $472,000,-000, a sum sufficient to cover the whole cost of constructing the Panama canal, with nearly $150,000,000 to spare.

"The increase in the sums appropriated for the navy for these same periods is approximately $600,-000,000, a sum largely in excess of the total appropriations for the support of our entire government for any fiscal year prior to that of 1898.

"The combined increase in the appropriations for the army and navy for the eight-year periods named amounts to $1,072,000,000, a sum exceeding by more than $158,000,000 the total interest-bearing debt of the United States.

"So great has been the increase in this cost of armed peace these last eight years over the eight years ending scarcely ten years ago that the sum total of the increase is even larger than the stupendous sum appropriated for all governmental purposes for the fiscal year 1910.

"The fact that we are expending during this fiscal year 72 per cent. of our aggregate revenue in preparing for war and on account of past wars, leaving only 28 per cent. of our revenue available to meet all our other governmental expenditures, including internal improvements, the erection of public buildings, the improvement of rivers and harbors and the conservation of our national resources, is, to my mind, appalling."—FROM ADDRESS BY CONGRESSMAN J. A. TAWNEY, DELIVERED AT THE PEACE BANQUET, CHICAGO, MAY 4, 1909.

Man has tried to make peace with the skies instead of making peace with his neighbor.

The Old-Fashioned "Female Seminary"

By Helen Ekin Starrett, Principal of the Starrett School for Girls.

It is a not uncommon experience in these days of colleges for women to hear the old fashioned "female seminary" referred to in terms of disrespect and even derision. Yet comparing the product of these seminaries as we see it in the lives and character of the gentle, refined, intelligent, dignified elderly or even aged ladies whom we are all sometimes privileged to know,—very likely our own mothers or grandmothers, —a filial loyalty to these, if no higher motive, should "give us pause" before we assent to thoughtless aspersions on the educational institutions in which women of such noble character were trained and developed.

Two of our best magazines have recently published articles which show that this thought has been in the minds of more than one careful social observer. One article was entitled "The Passing of the Picture Lady"; the other, "The Return of the Gentlewoman." The first recalled the old engravings of beautiful girls and women with which those of us whose memories reach back to the "fifties" and "sixties" of the last century, were familiar. Ideal or idealized as those pictures may have been, they always showed us the gentle, modest lady appropriately or beautifully garbed, dignified in posture, sweet and deferential in expression of countenance—altogether a creature to inspire love in the heart or create an ideal in the mind. The writer drew a comparison bttween these and the "picture ladies" of today that fill our magazines. She cited the Christy pictures of the advanced young woman who plays golf (a very good thing under proper conditions) in a costume devoid of every element of beauty or dignity, and who in intervals of rest seats herself on a high fence or stump and swings her heels and exposed ankles in space with an air that tells of her defiance of conventionalities. Who will say that these latter-day pictures at all compare in refinement, in delicacy, in lovableness, with the "picture ladies" of fifty years ago—the days of the "female seminary?"

The article on "The Return of the Gentlewoman" voices the regret of "a lady of the old school" that the gentlewoman of the past "seems vanishing as fringed gentians have a way of doing in favorite meadows. Here and there in quiet old-time villages a stately mansion that once belonged to one of the 'best families' retains its original character, and its mistress goes serenely in and out. She is surrounded by souvenirs of the past and the flowers of her garden; is much given to hospitality and the reading of good books; uses the most charming English we have ever heard, and has on all subjects views that are wise and witty, and withal charitable—in brief, a gentlewoman." She was educated in the old-fashioned "female seminary," and we know without being told that when she was a young girl she possessed all the essential attributes of a lady,—according to George Eliot,—"high veracity, a delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others and refined personal habits." As a young girl the description by Lowell of ideal young womanhood would have applied to her:

> "She doeth little kindnesses
> That most leave undone or despise;
> For naught that sets one heart at ease
> Or giveth happiness and peace
> Is low esteemed in her eyes."

Look on that picture and then on this, from "The Return of the Gentlewoman":

"You were not with us [at the summer resort] last August, but there was a girl who used to come into the dining room with such a stride! and she always wore her sleeves stripped up above her elbows and her arms had got fearfully burned; in fact, they were quite black, and she was so proud of them; but of course they didn't look very well, especially at dinner with pretty dresses; and she never wore a hat, not even when she went into the business part of the town; and she knew a good deal of slang, but she was a very nice girl, and—"

Yet this young girl was the product of a popular co-educational school of today. A glance into her room half an hour after a servant had put it in order —a thing she would have scorned to do for herself— would have revealed such a lack of "refined personal habits" as might well make the careful mother of well-trained sons shudder at the thought of such a young woman for a daughter-in-law.

And now as to the curriculum of study in those old seminaries as compared with the modern curriculum that prepares for college. It is very common to hear the education of those days denounced as giving a "mere smattering" of the languages and the sciences. It is true the text-books then used were very elementary as compared with those of today, and the list of studies announced certainly causes a smile to those accustomed to the demands of the specialized studies of today. We find then required for graduation—besides mathematics and languages—natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, botany, geology, mental and moral philosophy, evidences of Christianity and Butler's Analogy. Yet it would be far from the truth to say that only a "smattering" of these studies was gained. Rather could it be truly said that a fair and enlightening elementary knowledge of all these branches was acquired by earnest students under the faithful teachers of many of those old seminaries.

In his inaugural address before the University of Edinburgh, when he became lord rector of that institution, John Stuart Mill advises the students, while making a specialty of certain sciences, by no means to fail to gain a fair elementary knowledge of as many others as possible. He makes the motive and reward of so doing "a greater interest in life." So it was with the elementary knowledge of these various sciences gained by the "seminary girls" of fifty years ago. And I have seen a grandmother of today quite dumfounded when told by a granddaughter who was a university graduate, that she had little or no knowledge of either physics or chemistry or of any other of the natural sciences, as she had taken only "the classical course." I know that same grandmother to have acquired in that old-fashioned seminary such a thorough knowledge of the fundamental principles of the best equipped laboratories of today. Truly her lighted interest all the new discoveries and methods of the best equipped laboratories of today. Truly her reward is a continued and growing "interest in life," despite her threescore years and ten.

One important secret of the ennobling and cultivating influence of the old-fashioned female seminary, was the character of the teachers—the strong, noble, devoted women who conducted them. It was my privilege a few years since to attend reunions of the alumnæ of two celebrated seminaries that have sent forth from their walls more young women of noble and strong character than any other two similar institutions in the world—Mt. Holyoke and Monticello.

The late Mrs. Alice Freeman, who was one of the speakers, said:

"A college professor lately asked me, 'Why is it that with all the modern appliances of culture, all the facilities for doing educational work with which our modern schools and colleges for girls are supplied, we do not seem to turn out girls of such fiber and character as these old seminaries did forty or fifty years ago?' The answer, I think, is not far to seek. It may all be explained by a study of the character of the women who officered those institutions of fifty years ago. They were women who had obtained their own education at a cost in struggle and privation that made them appreciate its value. Their earnestness had made them thorough students—and what they had studied they knew thoroughly. They came before their pupils filled with a sense of the importance of the work they were to do for them, of the great value of an education, and with an enthusiasm for imparting instruction. They knew the value of good foundations."

It is an interesting incident in the lift of Mrs. Bannister, who was associated with Mary Lyon in the founding of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, but who afterward went to Ipswich and founded that celebrated school. The Ipswich Female Seminary, that in its first year, after she had organized the classes for scientific and other studies, she found the whole school so deficient in penmanship, grammar, spelling, and the elementary principles of arithmetic, that all the class work was laid aside, and the entire attention of the pupils for nearly one term was required for the study of these neglected elementary branches.

What a character lesson was that enforced review! The pupils saw at once that there was to be no sham work—that solidity and thoroughness were to be the essentials of a true education. And speaking of this thoroughness in the elementary branches, who of us have not had opportunity to compare the elegant letters written by educated women of forty years ago with the harum-scarum, scrappy, scrawly notes—they cannot be dignified by the name of letter—written by so many girls and women educated in our latter-day schools? Penmanship, composition and forms of expression were regarded as beautiful arts in those days, and practiced with a respect due to their importance.

Then, too, the pupils of those schools in their study of literature studied the classics. They were not submerged and confused and bewildered by the flood of inferior literature that sweeps over the world today. Our women of fifty years ago read Milton, and Shakespeare, and Bacon's Essays, and Locke on the Human Understanding, and Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, and Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, and Addison's Spectator, and Pope and Thompson and Gray and Scott and Wordsworth. Every one of these writers gave the mind food for earnest thought; and while there was not enough of diversion and entertainment, pure and simple, in the books of those days, yet we must concede that this training developed a genuine love for good literature such as it is often very hard to develop now; such a love as made books beloved friends, and the quiet hearthstone, far removed from the gay crowds rushing after exciting and ephemeral pleasures, the dearest place on earth, where the companionship of the choicest and noblest spirits of the past was shared by husband, father, mother, brothers and sisters.

Much is claimed for the departments of domestic science and physical culture in our modern schools; but what school of domestic science ever developed such thorough, such artistic housekeepers as our mothers and grandmothers? Generally their domestic science was learned at home,—the best possible place to learn it,—but it was practiced with skill and diligence because in the seminaries of that day a practical knowledge of home-making and home-keeping was held to be an essential of the highest womanhood. Where is the graduate of a modern domestic science school that can equal in manufacture the cake, the jellies, the biscuit, the pickles, the mince meat, and plum puddings of those old-fashioned housekeepers—graduates of those old seminaries? And as to manual and physical training, the needlework of those days tells of the skill of the fingers, while the intelligent, active care of the home, including sweeping and dusting and other practical household arts, afforded a physical culture that rendered the artificial exercises of today superfluous.

And finally, the crowning superiority of the old-fashioned female seminary was the fervent religious spirit that, almost without exception, characterized its administration.

If the teachers, like Milton's Puritans, were "unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God." The Bible was their most familiar and honored text-book; the morning and evening sacrifice of prayer and praise ascended from their consecrated altar. With the retiring bell came the impressive fifteen silent minutes sacredly reserved for the private devotions of the students. The precepts of the Bible were daily inculcated, bearing their fruit in reverence for things sacred, for authority, for parents and teachers, and for the law of duty toward one another; and as Emerson so truly says, "No method of culture has ever been devised so effective as the instilling of the religious sentiment." There are no manners so fine as those which spring from the heart deeply instructed in the law of divine love, reverence, faith, meekness, and temperance.

Let me not be understood as condemning entirely the work or methods or aims of our modern institutions for girls. The scope of their education has been broadened; specialization of studies has become necessary; a greater liberty of action has been found necessary and beneficial for the girls of this generation. But while recognizing the changed social conditions that have brought about these changes of method, let us not fail to instill into the minds and hearts of our daughters those fundamental principles of noble lives that made so attractive and love-inspiring and useful the women educated under the regime of the old-fashioned female seminary.—*Reprinted from The Interior.*

WAR.

I heard in the street the echoing trouble of multiple drums:
The driving fifes are near and clear and now the army comes,
The soldiers, the sailors, the banners and the brave;
And we shall have a victory and they shall have a grave.

I heard the bitter trumpets cry out around the sun,
As, shadow by shadow, the fight was lost and won.
The clouds drew down and listened, hearing under them
The music mourning in the rain and this the requiem:

The house not made with hands is being overthrown,
The young men's vision fades, the old men's dream is flown,
They turned upon their brothers, how shall they atone?
Awake, behold the field, for they have slain their own.

—*Written for the Second National Peace Congress by Ridgely Torrence.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Venezuelan Literature

We have lately received the works by the popular Venezuelan writer, Gonzalo Picon-Febres. As representing a literature practically unknown in the United States, they seem to deserve special notice. As Senor Picon-Febres is Consul from Venezuela at New York there is an added reason for interest in these works. *El Sargento Felipe**1, is a story of a revolution. It is one of those writings upon the *costumbres del pais* ("customs of the country," the national life) so dear to Spanish-American writers. The author has a delicate touch and the little novel is an excellent type of its class. The scene is in a Venezuelan village; the time is a moment of revolution; the actors are a half-dozen simple country people. The book abounds in carefully detailed descriptions of landscapes and surroundings—a form of writing popular in Latin-America. The sergeant Felipe, is a thrifty, hard working, countryman who has by care and labor acquired a small piece of land, a horse, a little herd of animals and a prosperous planting. His wife, Gertrudis, and his daughter, Encarnacion are his helpers. They are making headway. The girl's cousin, Matias, loves her and at first she reciprocated his affection. Don Jacinto, a worthless but wealthy neighbor, the rich man of the district and a trifler to whom more than one girl owes ruin, visits her clandestinely, and distracts her affections from the more worthy man. Just at this stage in affairs, Felipe is impressed into service and forced to leave his property, his home, and his family unprotected. All goes awry. The animals are seized, the harvest destroyed, the little plantation ruined, Matias scorned, the girl betrayed and abandoned. Only after a fearful illness, subsequent to a wound received in battle, Felipe hears the news. Weak from his bed suffering, he hastens to the scene of his former happiness and present ruin. He views the charred remains of the home, the grave of his heart-broken wife, his neglected property. He seeks neither Encarnacion nor Matias. He finds the rich betrayer, avenges his daughter's dishonor and then ends his own life tragically.

In *Flor**2, the story of a fallen woman is presented in minute detail. Left without a mother, with no advisor but her father, who adores her, but is too busy earning a living to know aught of home affairs, the poor girl is betrayed by a selfish and heartless villian, of social position far above her own. The disgrace kills her father. Alone in the world, she takes to a life of shame with the sole purpose of finding an opportunity for vengeance on her betrayer. It comes, and she kills him publicly at a social gathering; she pays the penalty of her crime in prison; on re-entering the world she leads an exemplary life, maintains herself by honest labor and gaining, by good action, a saintly reputation among the poor and lowly. Flor's life, however, clearly teaches the lesson that the fallen woman cannot live down the fact; though sinned against rather than sinning, though expiating her faults by lovely deeds, she is never forgiven, never restored to the place from which she fell.

*1*El Sargento Felipe.* Gonzalo Picon-Febres. Caracas, 1899. 16mo. pp. 187.

*2*Flor.* Gonzalo Picon-Febres. Caracas, 1905. 16mo. pp. 119.

The most important and valuable of Senor Picon-Febres works, however, in his *History of Venezuelan Literature of the Nineteenth Century.**3 It is dedicated to Gen. Cipriano Castro, whose present difficulties do not affect the fact that he is a great man and a notable ruler, who has done much to encourage and develop the advancement of his country. Pincon-Febres' book is well gotten out and is creditable in workmanship and appearance. It is abundantly illustrated with portraits of most of the notable writers of the period considered. The author presents some preliminary considerations and sketches, the political, economic, and social conditions lying behind the literature studied. Throughout his work he carefully traces the various movements and influences, national and foreign, which have affected Venezuelan writers. Picon-Febres is almost a pioneer in his field. True literary criticism has been lacking in Venezuela. Writers have spoken in terms of unstinted praise of the productions of their friends and have passed over or damned those of authors whom they disliked. Personality and partisan bias have vitiated their statements. Picon-Febres recognizes these facts and aims at true criticism and impartial judgment; he is exacting and demands a high grade of achievement; he insists upon careful attention to content, expression, and form. His chapters take up, one after another, the different kinds of literary production. Unfortunately, in Venezuela as in other Spanish-American countries most that has been written has appeared only in fugitive, periodical, publications. It is difficult, almost impossible, to secure most works a few weeks after publication. Venezuela has produced literary criticism (biased as above indicated), serious writings, upon political, economic and social questions, history, essays, novels and poetry. Perhaps its most important output has been in discussion of public questions, and in poetry. Of all this, we are profoundly ignorant. Part of our ignorance is excusable, due to the publication of the matter in fugitive and inaccessible form. Much of it, however, is the result of our enormous national conceit and apathy to all foreign achievement. We neither know nor care what goes on outside. We are always sure it is not worth while.

Naturally the various Latin-American republics know and appreciate each other's literary work better than we do. National Academies are likely to be more or less fossils but still count for something. Most Spanish-speaking American lands have a National Academy, which is a branch and a correspondent of the Spanish Academy. Their existence and their relation to the mother organization are, to some degree, a real bond of union, giving greater vitality and unity to the Spanish-American literary movement than it would otherwise possess. Mexico knows something of the work of Argentina, Peru, Chili and Columbia; Venezuelan authors know something of the output of Cuba, Mexico and Central America. Picon-Febres, in referring to the authors of other parts of the great Hispanized area, can count upon some knowledge of their works, on the part of his readers. This acts to elevate national literary ideals by arousing a worthy emulation. International appreciation is a good thing and shows itself in various ways. Some years ago in Mexico a great volume was printed, consisting of a selection of the best poems of South American authors. That these poems really make appeal to the outside

*3*La Literatura venezolana en el Siglo diez y nueve.* Caracas, 1906. gr. 8mo. pp. 429.

world is further evidenced by the fact that a collection of South American poetry has recently been translated into Japanese! To anyone who can read Spanish this work of Picon-Febres is well worth reading.

University of Chicago. FREDERICK STARR.

Christ and the Eastern Soul*

We have had the great privilege and pleasure of listening to the lectures delivered under the auspices of the Barrows Lectureship Foundation, at Calcutta, India, from the first course delivered during the winter 1896-'97, by Dr. John Henry Barrows, to the last delivered in 1906-'07, by Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall. This last course of lectures is now published under the name of 'Christ and the Eastern Soul,' and we welcome it with great delight. On his first visit to India in the winter of 1902-'03 as Barrows Lecturer, Dr. Hall made a great impression on the intelligent and the cultured minds, by the catholicity of his mind, his appreciation of the spiritual consciousness of the Orient, and his hope of seeing the East and the West brought together as complementary agents working in harmony to give the right interpretation to Christianity. During his second visit, when he delivered this course of six lectures, the impression he had already made was deepened and strengthened. The fundamental idea which runs as a permanent under-current through all these lectures and on which he builds his hope, is the Oneness of the human race. Without underestimating in any way, the distinctive characteristics in the 'race-consciousness' of the East and the West, he shows how these distinctive characteristics instead of being regarded as antagonistic to each other may be brought into a mutually helpful relationship to give a wider and deeper interpretation to Christianity. He presents Christianity in its essential truths without laying any emphasis on the theological differences of the rival Christian sects, regarding these differences and the ecclesiastical institutions as 'incidental developments and local adaptations not attractive to, nor authoritative for, the East. Between this pure Christianity and the Oriental religious consciousness he finds great correspondences. He enumerates and explains four distinctive elements in this consciousness: the Contemplative Life, the Presence of the Unseen, Aspiration Toward Ultimate Being, Reverence for the Sanctions of the Past. Adopting for momentary illustration the titles of Kant's two Critiques he refers to the Oriental consciousness as the region of Pure Reason and Christianity as the region of Practical Reason and sees the possibility of their happy co-ordination and thereby the production of the 'most spiritual type of Christianity that has yet appeared on the Earth.' He speaks with regret of the 'spirit of the dominating civilization of the West,' which though 'it has gained in knowledge of the constitution and use of matter, in application of force, in theories of government, social order .... has lost in depth of God-consciousness whereby alone all theories are saved from narrow interpretation and formal use.' 'Hence Christianity accepted and interpreted only by the West, moves away from the burning altars of its earlier and semi-oriental interpreters, and becomes cold, formal, unspiritual.' To resuscitate this Christianity in its pristine glory and purity he invites the service of the natural spirituality of the Eastern consciousness. 'I have long rested on the belief that the deeper mysteries of Jesus Christ may not be unfolded to the world until East joins West for their interpretation.'

The whole subject is presented with an exquisite grace, with a deep, earnest, whole-souled spirituality and broad, living sympathy, and it is a delight and an uplift to read the volume. In these days, when in all parts of the world there is a vague feeling of cohesive tension drawing the farthest corners of the world nearer and nearer to an undefined center, a book like this is of great value, for it indicates the lines along which the definition of this undefined center might most profitably proceed.

The book is furnished with a useful syllabus of the lectures, a note on the Barrows' Lectureship Foundation, an admirable Preface by the President of the University of Chicago, and a delightful Introductory Note by the Bishop of the Philippine Islands.

BINAY MOHAN SEHANAVIS.

Meadville Theological School, Pa.

*By Charles Cuthbert Hall, D. D., LL.D., late President of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Publishers: The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, and T. Fisher Unwin, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London. Price $1.37.

WHAR THE HAND O' GOD IS SEEN.

Do I like the city, stranger? 'Tisn't likely that I would;
'Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border ever could
Git accustomed to the flurry an' the loud, unearthly noise—
Everybody in a hurry, men an' wimmin, gals an' boys,
All a'rushin' like the nation 'mid the rumble and the jar,
Jes' as if their souls' salvation hung upon their gittin' thar.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the border land out yonder,
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

Nothin' har' but bricks an' mortar, towerin' overhead so high
That you never see a quarter o' the overhangin' sky,
Not a tree or grassy medder, not a runnin' brook in sight,
Nothin' but the buildin's' shadder makin' gloom of Heaven's light.
Ev'n the birds are all imported from away acrost the sea—
Faces meet me all distorted with the hand of misery.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the border land out yonder,
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

Roarin' railroad trains above you, streets by workmen all defaced,
Everybody tryin' to shove you in the gutter in their haste.
Cars an' carts an' wagons rumblin' thru the streets with deafen'n roar,
Drivers yellin', swearin', grumblin', jes' like imps from Sheol's shore,
Factories jinin' in the chorus, helpin' o' the din to swell;
Auctioneers in tones sonorous, lying 'bout the goods they sell.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the border land out yonder,
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

Yes, I love the Western border; pine trees wavin' in the air,
Rocks piled up in rough disorder, birds a-singin' everywhere;
Deer a playin' in their gladness, elks a feedin' in the glen;
Not a trace o' pain or sadness campin' on the trail o' men.
Brooks o' crystal clearness flowin' o'er the rocks, an' lovely flowers
In their tinted beauty growin' in the mountain dells and bowers.

Fairer picture the Creator
Never threw on earthly screen,
Than this lovely home o' Natur'
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

—*"Capt. Jack" Crawford.*

THE HOME

AMID THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

When grosbeaks show a damask rose
  Amid the cherry-blossoms wnite,
And early robins' nests disclose
  To loving eyes a joyous sight;

When columbines like living coals
  Are gleaming 'gainst the lichened rocks,
And at the foot of mossy boles
  Are young anemones in flocks;

When ginger-root betneath twin leaves
  Conceals its dusky floral bell,
And showy orchid shyly weaves
  In humid nook its fragrant spell;

When dandelions' coin of gold
  Anew is minted on the lawn,
And maple-trees tneir fringe unfold,
  While warblers storm the groves at dawn;

When these and more greet eye and ear,
  Then strike thy tasks and come away;
It is the joy-month of the year,
  And onward sweeps the tide of May.

—*John Burroughs.*

Two Soldiers

Bitterness or resentment seemed to have no part in the nature of Gen. Robert E. Lee. During the war, declares Charles Morris in "The Old South and the New," it was noticeable that he never spoke of the Union soldiers as "Yankees," the common expression in the Southern army. He always called them "Federals," or "the enemy." A touching story of General Lee was told by a Union veteran who had been in the Battle of Gettysburg. He was a most bitter anti-South man, and fought the Confederates desperately.

The last day of the fight I was badly wounded. A ball shattered my left leg. I lay on the ground not far from Cemetery Ridge, and as General Lee ordered his retreat, he and his officers rode near me.

As they came along I recognized him, and although faint and suffering, I raised up my hands and shouted as loud as I could, "Hurrah for the Union!"

The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted, and came toward me. I confess that I at first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about.

He extended his hand to me, and grasping mine firmly looked right into my eyes, and said:

"My son, I hope you will soon be well."

I shall never forget the expression on General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a Union soldier who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the general left me I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground.—*Exchange.*

A Sermon on Flies

Flies are the dirtiest and the filthiest of all vermin. They are maggots before they are flies. They are born in filth, live on filth and carry filth around with them.

* * * * * *

Flies are known to be the carriers of millions of death-dealing disease germs and they leave some of these germs wherever they light.

Screen your windows and doors. Do it early, before fly time and keep the screens in place until snow falls.

Screen all food—especially milk. Keep flies away from the sick—especially those ill with contagious diseases. Kill every fly that enters the sick room. Keep the patient's bed screened and immediately disinfect and dispose of all discharges.

Catch the flies as fast as they appear. Use sticky fly paper, traps and liquid poisons.

A good fly poison, not dangerous to human life, is a solution of bichromate of potash, 1 draw dissolved in 2 ounces of water and sweetened with a little sugar. Put some in shallow dishes and place throughout the house. This is a cheap poison and can be obtained at any drug store.

Another good fly poison is cobalt chloride, 1 dram dissolved in 3 ounces of water, placed in shallow dishes as above. This is more expensive that the bichromate of potash and is harder to obtain.

To quickly clear rooms in which there are large numbers of flies, burn pyrethrum powder or blow black flag into the air of the room. These do not kill the flies, they are merely stunned and fall to the floor. They must be gathered up and destroyed.

Eliminate the breeding places of flies—this is important. The following should be done:

Sprinkle chloride of lime or kerosene over contents of privy vaults and garbage boxes, and lime over manure piles and other refuse.

Keep garbage receptacles tightly covered. Clean the cans daily. Clean the boxes every week. Sprinkle them with kerosene or chloride of lime. The ground about the garbage receptacles should also be kept clean.

Keep stable manure in vault or pit, screened and sprinkle with chloride of lime. Manure should be removed at least once a week.

Pour kerosene into the drains. Keep sewerage system in good order, repair all leaks at once.

Clean cuspidors every day. Keep a 5 per cent solution of carbolic acid in them all the time.

Don't allow dirt to accumulate in corners, behind doors, back of radiators, under stoves, etc.

Do not allow decaying material of any sort to accumulate on or near your premises.

If there is a nuisance in the neighborhood write to the Department of Health, 215 East Madison Street.

Remember; No dirt—no flies.—From the *Chicago Health Department.*

THE SONG OF THE CHILD ANGELS.

All round about God's goodly town
  The blessed pastures are,
Where never is the grass burnt brown,
  Where never rough winds jar
    All the lovely flowers that grow there,
    All the grasses tall that blow there,
  Circling God's goodly town.

And all the flowers of earth we find
  Grown brighter, sweeter there,
For if the tempest were unkind
  That shook the lower air,
    Heaven's shower and sun would mend them,
    Heaven's breezes would attend them,
  Where Heaven's rivers wind.

And in the fields of Paradise
  All birds that flew on earth
Sing gladly through those sunny skies,
  With more than April mirth.
    For killing drought and frost there,
    And pain and death are lost there,
  In golden Paradise.

—*R Freedom—Century, December, 1908.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE SHAME OF GENEVA.—Illinois is not the only state, nor are Chicagoans the only citizens to suffer shame and humiliation at the hands of their official representatives, to deplore the cowardice of some of them, and to resent the tyranny of the political machine.

Geneva, with all its culture and enlightenment, has achieved an unenviable notoriety by its retention down to date, of the more and more discredited system of the Napoleonic era for the regulation of vice, its *maisons de tolérance* or licensed houses of prostitution. To her lasting honor be it said, that for many years there have not been wanting a little group of her best citizens and well-known publicists, who have ceasingly labored with tongue and pen, and utilizing all the resources at their command, in the endeavor to cleanse their beloved city of this stain.

Twice, at least, in recent years, have these valiant champions of the cause of woman, brought to their city the International Congress for the Abolition of the Regulation of Vice, in the endeavor to create a more wholesome and effective public sentiment, while *Le Signal*, true to its principles, has not only given extended reports of the proceedings of such congresses, wherever held, but has at all times freely opened its columns to any matter bearing on the question.

But while these champions of honor, equal justice, decency and morality have never wavered in their attitude, the politicians have shifted their ground according to circumstances, whenever the unwelcome question of a change of policy has been brought forward. On this point *Signal* said not long since:

"'Why bring up this disagreeable question now?' we are asked. 'If there had been any evidence of a popular demand, one could understand, but this proposition made apropos of nothing is very inopportune.'

"But we think that when public attention is not particularly engaged with it, is just the time when the Grand Council can best consider a question of this nature. We ought to have learned something from the campaign of 1896, when, according to our opponents, the vote was not for or against regulation, but for or against 'pietism,' and when we know that the abolitionist arguments were not even looked into. Then we were criticized for having called public attention to a question which should only be discussed privately. Today we are blamed for having approached our legislative body when all is quiet outside.

"Three years ago the Council of State proposed a law which created for the benefit of tenants paying a license, a veritable monopoly of proxenetism. We opposed it, demanding that this offense should be punished whether it was a matter of tenants or supporters. We were told then that the question of suppressing the licensed house could not be considered in connection with anything else, that when we would bring it up by itself, it would be discussed. We have now presented it in that way and are told it is inopportune!

"Ever since 1896 we have been asking those who thought the question one that ought to be studied, but that we had introduced it inadvisedly, to be good enough to let us know when, in their judgment, the proper moment had arrived. But for thirteen years, like Sister Anne, we have watched and seen nothing coming. At last it became clear to us that our initiative would never be welcome, and that we must finally abandon it or act without further delay."

So for weeks now a measure, introduced by deputy de Meuron, looking to the suppression of this odious system of legalized traffic in vice has been under discussion in the public press. The latest issue of the *Signal* tells the discouraging story of the cowardly strangling of the measure without allowing an opportunity for debate, and that by the casting vote of the President of the Grand Council. He it was who took the extraordinary method of putting a motion for an indefinite postponement of the question and when the deputies present were equally divided, cast his vote to cut off debate.

Well may the *Signal* say, in bitterness of spirit:

"With the opportunity before him to cleanse his native city of the last stain left upon it by the foreigner, a man was found to say: *No.*

"In a university city where the government annually expends millions for public instruction, should there be left centers of infection and demoralization? This man says: *Yes.*

"May we violate the Constitution, shut up women and condemn them to drunkenness and degradation because they are poor and defenceless? This man says: *Yes.*

"Ought the state to license vice and profit by it? This may says: *Yes.*

"This man, final arbiter, with power to give free course to a discussion asked for by thirty-nine deputies and opposed by thirty-nine, but involving in the highest degree the reputation of his country, chose to cut it short. We regret it, but we recognize that he had the melancholy courage of his convictions, while others prudently dodged the issue by leaving the room before the vote was taken."

Elsewhere it comments:

"A president who aids in suppressing a debate, a government that says: the question shall not be put; that is what we have seen in the twentieth century in the Republic of Geneva."

This defeat is especially bitter to the best element in Geneva, coming as it does, on the very eve of the great Calvin jubilee, where all the world is asked to join in doing honor to the memory of her great reformer, whose ideal was a theocracy, a government based on social justice.

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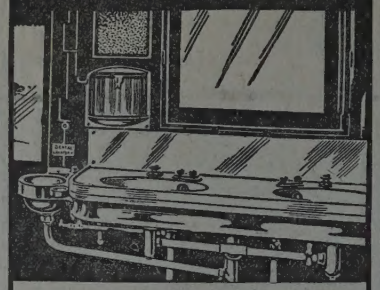

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